

Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,

Make the Grewell thicke, and slab.

Add thereto a Tigers Chawdron,

For th' Ingredience of our Cawdron.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,

Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,

Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecar, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,

And every one shall share i'th' gaines:

And now about the Cauldron sing

Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring,

Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.

2 By the pricking of my Thumbe,

Something wicked this way comes:

Open Lockes, who euer knockes.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you secrete, black, & midnight Hags?

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I coniure you, by that which you Professe,

(How ere you come to know it) answer me:

Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight

Against the Churches: Though the yesty Waues

Confound and swallow Navigation vp:

Though bladed Come be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,

Though Castles topple on their Warders heads:

Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do slope

Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure

Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,

Euen till destruction sicken: Answer me

To what I aske you.

1 Speake.

2 Demand.

3 Wee'l answer.

1 Say, if th' hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,

Or from our Masters.

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 Powre in Sower blood, that hath eaten

Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's sweaten

From the Murderers Gibbet, throw

Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:

Thy Selfe and Office deaftly show.

Thunder.

1 Apparition, an Armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou vnknowne power.

1 He knowes thy thought:

Heare his speech, but say thou nought.

1 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:

Beware Macduffe,

Beware the Thane of Fife: dismisse me. Enough.

He Descends.

Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks

Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.

1 He will not be commanded: heere's another

More potent then the first.

Thunder.

2 Apparition, a Bloody Child.

Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks

Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.

1 He will not be commanded: heere's another

More potent then the first.

Thunder.

2 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

Macb. Had I three eares, I'd heare thee.

2 Appar. Be bloody, bold, & resolute:

Laugh to scorne

The powre of man: For none of woman borne

Shall harme Macbeth.

Mac. Then live Macduffe: what need I feare of thee?

But yet Ile make assurance: double sure,

And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not live,

That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;

And sleepe in spight of Thunder.

3 Apparition, a Child Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.

What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,

And weares vpon his Baby-brow, the round

And top of Soueraignty?

All. Listen, but speake not too't.

3 Appar. Be Lyon meted, proud, and take no care:

Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:

Macbeth shall neuer vanquish'd be, vnill

Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsmine Hill

Shall come against him.

Macb. That will neuer bee:

Who can impress the Forrest, bid the Tree

Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:

Rebellious dead, rise neuer till the Wood

Of Byrnam rise, and our high plac'd Macbeth

Shall lie the Lease of Nature, pay his breath

To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hart

Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art

Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's issue euer

Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seeke to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,

And an eternall Curse fall on you: Let me know.

Why finkes that Caldron? & what noise is this? Hoboyes

1 Shew.

2 Shew.

3 Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greene his Hart,

Come like shadowes, so depart.

A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse

in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo: Down:

Thy Crowne do's feare mine Eye-balls. And thy haire

Thou other Gold-bound brow, is like the first:

A third, is like the former. Filthy Haggies,

Why do you shew me this? — A fourth? Start eyes!

What will the Line stretch out to'th' cracke of Doome?

Another yet? A feauenth? Ile see no more:

And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glasse,

Which shewes me many more: and some I see,

That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.

Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,

For the Blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles vpon me,

And points at them for his. What? is this so?

1 I Sir, all this is so. But why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come Sisters, cheere we vp his sprights,

And shew the best of our delights.

Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a sound,

While you performe your Antique round:

That this great King may kindly say,

Our duties, did his welcome pay.

The Witches Dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?

Let this pernicious houre,

Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.

Come in, without there.

Enter Lenox.

Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Macb.

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?

Lenox. No my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Lenox. No indeed my Lord.

Macb. Infested be the Ayre whereon they ride,

And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare

The galloping of Horie. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. I, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:

The flighty purpose neuer is o're-tooke

Volese the deed go with it. From this moment,

The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand. And euen now

To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thought & done:

The Castle of Macduff, I will surprize,

Seize vpon Fife; giue to th' edge o'th' sword

His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules

That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,

This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,

But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?

Come bring me where they are.

Enter

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Rosse. You must haue patience Madam.

Wife. He had none:

His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,

Our feares do make vs Traitors.

Rosse. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom, or his feare.

Wife. Wisdom? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,

His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place

From whence himselfe do's fly? He loues vs not,

If you will take a homely

Be not found here: He

To fright you thus. Me

To do worse to you, we

Which is too nie your pe

I dare abide no longer.

Wife. Whether shou

I haue done no harme. I

I am in this earthly worl

Is often laudable, to do

Accounted dangerous fo

Do I put vp that woman

To say I haue done no ha

What are these faces?

Enter

Mur. Where is you

Wife. I hope in no p

Where such as thou may

Mur. He's a Traitor

Son. Thou ly'st thou

Mur. What you Eg

Yong fry of Treachery

Son. He ha's kill'd m

Run away I pray you.